MARVEL COMICS

MAY
#28

DEADPOOL

GUESS WHO'S BACK

WOODS
SHELANDER
¡SOTO!

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KELLY WOODS WONG

PROLOGUE...

TIME IS... STICKY...

LIKE HALF-DRIED BLOOD, KEPT MUD RED WITH THE SALT OF NEW TEARS...

IT CLINGS TO US IN INVISIBLE PATCHES, OUR PAST, OUR FUTURE, SO TENACIOUS...

...SO SUFFOCATING...

SHOW ME.

PFASH

ESPECIALLY THE TIMES OF YOUR LIVES, WILSON.

NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY TO IGNORE YOUR WORLD, WHETHER BY OATH OR FAITH OR DRINK OR DESTRUCTION.

PERFECT...

IT ALWAYS OVERCOMES YOU... ALWAYS GOES FOR YOUR THROAT.

PERFECT... I'M COMING DEAR, DON'T DISAPPOINT...

FOSS

ESPECIALLY WHEN IT GETS A PUSH IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

END PROLOGUE

BEGIN STORY...

BOLIVIA, LAND OF COFFEE BEANS, D.E.A. TEAMS...

...AND A MERC WHO LIKES WHEN DOLPHINS SCREAM...

I DON'T KNOW... I SEE A LITTLE WARHOL, A LITTLE ROCKWELL --

MINUS THE LITTLE RASCALS GETTING POLIO BOOSTERS IN THEIR BLUSHING HINEYS, OF COURSE...

SO? WHAT'S THE VERDICT FROM THE CASHEW GALLERY?

YES, WELL... -AHEM- OH, WAIT... I THINK I LEFT THE OVEN ON... YES I DISTINCTLY SMELL SOCKS BURNING... I'D BETTER --

MONTY, THIS IS A CASTLE OF FREE EXPRESSION AND OPEN THOUGHT...

Normal People Worry

...YOUR OPINION WILL NOT BE GREETED WITH A SOUND THRASHING LIKE THE OLD DAYS --

-- I'M SANE AGAIN, REMEMBER? THE HALLUCINATIONS, THE BED WETTING, THE AL SHARPTON IMPRESSIONS... THEY'RE A THING OF THE PAST! I'M CURED!

CURED... RIGHT... BY A MAN WITH A BELL FOR A HEAD.

As shown in all its bellarific glory last issue. -- Dr. Matt Schlessinger

MONTY, WHAT DO I HAVE TO SAY TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I'M MY OLD LOVABLE, SUITABLE-FOR-SHELF-SPACE-IN-K-MART SELF?

...THAT I WISH I COULD MAKE UP FOR. BY ADDRESSING THEM, I'VE GOT A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.

DR. BONG AND I DETERMINED THAT MY VISIONS OF BUNNIES REPRESENTED MOMENTS IN MY PAST...

SURE... IT'S POP-PSYCH 101, BUT LET'S SAY I'LL BUY IT...

...WHAT ABOUT THE VISIONS OF THAT WOMAN? YOU KNOW, THE ONE YOU JUST SPENT A WEEK "CRAFTING"?

KLUNK

KLUNK

CLOMP

LISTEN YOU MENTAL MIDGET, MAYBE THE INTRICACIES OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY ARE TOO... TOO PSYCHOLOGICAL FOR YOU --

BUT I SAID I'M SANE.

NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY ARTS AND CRAFTS PROJECT, OR I'LL SWAK YOU SO HARD WHEN YOU WAKE UP YOUR SKIN WILL HAVE GROWN BACK.

YOU'RE THE MODEL OF SANITY, DEADPOOL... REALLY, FREUD IS A MANIAC COMPARED TO YOU... NOW, AS TO YOUR WORK...?

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

I CAN'T PLACE THE NAME, BUT THE FACE RINGS A SOUTHERN BELLE...

IT... IT'S...

IT'S *DOLL HEADS.* NINE HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE *SEVERED* DOLL HEADS STUCK IN PLACE WITH CHEWED *CHICKLETS...*

IF I MAY BE SO *AUDACIOUS...* IT IS A *"FREAKIN"* TOUR DE FORCE.

SNIFF! AWW... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT...

WHAT DOES *AUDACIOUS* MEAN?

KELLY WORDS, Y'ALL

WOODS PENCIL PUSHIN'

WONG INKIN'

BLANCHARD COLORIN'

THE GOOD OL' BOYS AT COMICRAFT LETTERIFYIN'

DELSON COUSIN DAISY

HARRAS BOSS HOGG

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BRING

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE *PHAT-PHONE!* SIT TIGHT, LI'L CHUM! I'LL BET IT'S THE *COMMISSIONER!* MAYBE *BARBARA* NEEDS HELP TWISTING HER BEEHIVE!

THANK THE *MAKER*...

OH, THE MAN DOTH *PROTEST*... BUT HE'S STILL FRUITY AS A *LOON!* CERTAINLY, THE HALLUCINATIONS HAVE *CEASED*, BUT WILSON IS FAR FROM *"SANE"!*

BOB'S PIZZA! THE PIE YOU *NEVER* ORDERED, DELIVERED TO YOUR *NEIGHBOR* IN THREE DAYS OR LESS --

-- OR AN EXTRA HELPING OF *MOUSE DROPPINGS* ON *US!*

LIKE THIS *WOMAN!* LIKE THIS... *"SCULPTURE"*... SINCE WHEN DO BLOODTHIRSTY MERCENARIES *SCULPT?!*

I MAY NO LONGER HAVE THE GIFT OF *SECOND SIGHT*... BUT I'D HAVE TO BE AS BLIND AS *AL* NOT TO SEE WHAT'S COMING...

...IT BEGINS WITH *"DIS"* AND ENDS IN *"'ASTER!"*

YEAH... *ATLANTA*... RIGHT... I'LL MAKE SURE TO RENT A PICK-UP WITH A *GUN RACK*...

...ON-SITE CONTACT... MM-HMM... THE *USUAL* DEPOSIT. GOT IT, *ALESTAIRE.* MY LOVE TO THE *KITTIES!*

LET ME GUESS... THE *CURATOR* AT THE *LOUVRE?*

EVEN BETTER! JUST THE THING TO *UNDERSCORE* ALL THIS *CULTURE* AND *JUNK*...

...MAYYY-H-E-M! I'M GETTIN' HIRED FOR SOME MAYYY-H-E-M-HEM --

YOU CAN BLOW UP A BOAT! YOU CAN STRANGLE A GOAT! YOU CAN JUMP GO CARTS OVER MOAAATS!

YOU ARE SO *BROKEN*...

MOROCCO...

YOU SEE, LINDA? I *TOLD* YOU IT WASN'T DIFFICULT...

ALL IT TAKES IS *WILLPOWER*, A WELL CONTROLLED *SPEAKING VOICE* --

MEWW?

-- AND YOU *TOO* CAN STAB A FRIEND IN THE *BACK* FOR FOR FUN AND PROFIT.

"A VERY *SPECIAL* ASSIGNMENT, DEADPOOL...

"...OF *COURSE* THE BODY COUNT WILL BE HIGH! THE CUSTOMER WANTS RESULTS, NOT *RETRIBUTIONS* --!

"NOW, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO TIE ON THIS *BLINDFOLD* AND TO PUT YOUR HEAD IN THIS *NOOSE*... I NEED TO RETIRE TO THE LEW SO I MAY *RETCH* IN PEACE..."

...

MUST IT *ALWAYS* BE LIKE THIS? IS THE UNWRITTEN CODE BETWEEN MERCENARY AND MANAGER SO *EASILY* CAST ASIDE FOR FEAR AND A MERE *PITTANCE?*

MEWP?

YOU'VE *QUITE* HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, LINDA... WE ARE *MEN*, NOT *BEASTS*.

I *WILL* CANCEL THE ORDER... I WILL *NOT* TOLERATE THIS DECEPTION. NOT *NOW*...

AND CERTAINLY NOT FOR A ROGUE LIKE *HIM* --

PACHAAWOOSH

THERE... *THAT* CLEARED UP THE OL' NOGGIN... DIDN'T IT, LUV?

WELL, THEN... OFF TO COUNT MY *MONEY* AND EVISCERATE SOME *KITTENS.*

BEST WISHES, DEADPOOL... *CHEERS.*

ALISTAIR

A FEW DAYS LATER...

Trust Comp y Bank

COMING *SOON,* TO AN *OVERLY PRICED* THEATER NEAR YOU, A JOURNEY INTO THE DEPTHS OF *HORROR* GUARANTEED TO HAVE AUDIENCES SPEAKING *DIRECTLY* TO THE SCREEN WHILE YOU TRY TO ENJOY A NIGHT OUT *WITHOUT* COMMITTING A *HOMICIDE...*

THE *FINGER* THAT SWALLOWED *ATLANTA!* YOU CAN RUN! YOU CAN HIDE! BUT YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE THE *DIGIT* OF *DOOM!*

I'M *CRUSHING* YOUR HEAD... YEEESS... *CRUSHING* YOUR LITTLE *POINTED* HEAD --

THIS IS *BORING.* I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO EAT *STEAK...*

NO, NO... I SAID "LET'S GO ON A STAKEOUT!" HEH HEH, WILL YOUR *WEAK* GRASP OF ENGLISH *EVER* CEASE TO AMUSE? I THINK *NOT.*

BESIDES, IT'S NOTHING BUT *SALAD* FOR YOU, LITTLE MISS LEDERHOSEN, UNTIL YOU FIT IN A SIZE FIVE *FLIGHT SUIT.*

YOU -- =SIGH= NEVER *MIND*... MAYBE HE NOT COME FOR YOUR *DISGUISE.* YOU ARE NOT BEING VERY... *SECRET-AGENT-LIKE.*

KID... IT'S THE *SOUTH.* THIS IS HOW A SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN *DRESSES* -- I LOOKED IT UP.

THIS DISGUISE IS *SO* PERFECT, IT COULD MAKE A YANKEE WANT TO GO OUT AND MARRY HIS *SISTER.*

YOU DO *NOT* MAKE ANY SENSE SOMETIMES. WHEN YOU DO, IT'S ALL *NON-*SENSE.

YEAH, AND YOU HAVE *HELICOPTER HAIR...*

DO ME A FAVOR, *WADDLE* UP TO THE CHOPPER WE BOOSTED FROM STUCKEY'S AND DOUBLE-CHECK THE *ADDRESS*... MAYBE ALESTAIRE...

...HE... I...OH...

SWEET CHRISTMAS IN JULY... JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS *SAFE* TO GET BACK IN THE *DEADPOOL*...

MOVE

YOU *SEE* SOMETHING?

REMEMBER THOSE *HALLUCINATIONS* I WAS HAVING?

ERASE THE *"WAS"* AND INSERT *"AM CURRENTLY"*...

MOVE

DEADPOOL --

I WONDER IF THERE'S A MONTY-BACK *GUARANTEE* ON MY *SANITY*... WHO KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY?

ME, SHOT FULL OF *THORAZINE* AND STUCK NEXT TO *SHIRLEY MACLAINE*... DROOLING *MEDICATION* ON TO NICE WHITE *JAMMIES* —

DEADPOOL, *PASAUF!*

KEN STARR IN A BOUDOIR! SHE — WHOULF!

OHMY GODGET OUTOFMY— WHUHH!

I TOLD YOU TO PASAUF... NOW YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC THING IS KAPUT.

927

SHOW'S OVER FOLKS... I JUST GOT BROADSIDED BY A FIRM YET SUPPLE HALLUCINATION. MY NUMBER'S UP AND GONE...

ONE BULLET, ILANEY, RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN, I PROMISE, I WON'T FLINCH —

DEADPOOL, THAT IS A REAL WOMAN, YOU FOOL...

PLEASE HELP —

-- OH GOD... ANOTHER ONE...

YOU SEE -- SHE SAID -- A REAL -- THAT'S -- NOT A -- CAN'T BE -- I -- YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE --

CAN'T -- STOP -- T-TALKING — LIKE SHATNER --

DEADPOOL, WHAT'S WRONG MIT YOU? WHO IS SHE?

ONITE ONLY!

YOU-YOU STAY JUST S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! I -- I'VE GOT A GUN AND --

THERE ONCE WAS A LASS NAMED MERCEDES... WHOSE BOD DROVE THE YOUNGER MEN CRAZY...

...WHEN TRAPPED ON THE RUN, CLAIMED SHE HAD A GUN...

OH, GOD... HE'S HERE...

HOLY -- SH-SH-SH- SUGAR--

...BUT SHE *DIDN'T.*

SO HER *NECK* WAS SNAPPED.

AND HER GUTS ENDED UP *DECORATING* A FILTHY BACK ALLEY IN ATLANTA.

AND RATS ATE HER *PANCREAS.*

DEADPOOL. WELL... THIS HAS *OFFICIALLY* GOTTEN *INTERESTING...*

KEEP
CLEAN

BACK AT CASA [redacted]DPOOL...

...TRACKED THE MAN'S *EVERY* MOVEMENT FOR NEARLY A *DECADE*...

AND *NOTHING*. POSITIVELY *NO* REFERENCE TO THE WOMAN IN THE SCULPTURE.

WHO *ARE* YOU, DOLL HEAD GIRL?

-SIGH- I CAN DO NO MORE FROM *HERE*... *PAIN* ME AS IT MAY... I MUST GET *OUTSIDE* HELP.

"*PAIN ME AS IT MAY*," WHO AM I *KIDDING*? DEADPOOL FINDS OUT I'M *MUCKING* ABOUT IN HIS PAST, HE'LL SMOTHER ME IN BARBECUE SAUCE AND FEED ME TO THE *LOCUSTS*.

BUT IF I *DON'T*... THIS *OBSESSION* OF HIS MAY WELL KILL HIM... AND SINCE I CAN'T DRIVE MYSELF TO THE STORE FOR *MUNCHIES*...

-SIGH- I JUST WISH IT DIDN'T HAVE TO [redacted] *HER*...

[redacted] DIALING SECURE CHANNEL...

I REALLY *SHOULD* HAVE TRIED TO MAKE A *FRIEND* OR TWO IN MY LIFETIME.

ILANEY -- *ROOF*.

ROOF, JA... NO PROBLEM. YOU'RE THE BOSS. BOSS...

PLEASE... HE'S GOING TO *KILL* ME --

TONITE ONLY!

DEADPOOL, DEADPOOL. DEADPOOL... HOW *LONG* HAS IT BEEN?

ISSUE *SIXTEEN*. GREECE... WHAT'S UP, *BULLSEYE*?

DON'T RELEASE YOUR BLADDER YET, MISSY. THE CAT'S A *FRIEND* OF MINE

THIS PIPE UP *HER* GULLET [redacted] ABOUT *TEN SECONDS*. JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE.

AND SPEAKING OF THINGS *PROFESSIONAL*...

YOU BEEN HIRED TO BAG THIS DAME TOO, *CHIEF*, OR ARE YOU JUST BEING A PAL AND HOLDING HER *STEADY* FOR ME?

OH GOD...

HA, WELL... *FUNNY* STORY... I WAS SITTING AT HOME SPRAY-PAINTING MUSTACHES ON *FELICITY* POSTERS WHEN I GOT A CALL TO RECON ATLANTA ON *OTHER* BUSINESS --

AND THIS IS THE *FUNNY* PART, REALLY, YOU'RE GONNA JUST *DIE* WITH LAUGHTER...

I'M REALLY *COUNTING* ON THE *DYING* PART --

MISTER... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE *WANTS* FROM ME -- I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M *HERE!* I JUST --

WHOA, *PERSONAL SPACE INVASION.* BACK OFF BEFORE YOU STAIN THE *POLYESTER* --

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY... *PLEASE*...

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY... *PLEASE*... HELP ME...

OF COURSE... *FLASHBACKS*. IT JUST ISN'T A HORRIFIC GUT-WRENCHING *EMOTIONAL INCIDENT* WITHOUT *VIVID* FLASHBACKS, AND THE GREAT TASTE OF *MIRACLE WHIP*...

OUTSTANDING! IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* US THEN, GIVE ME THREE OR FOUR MINUTES WITH HER, AND WE CAN GO GRAB SOME *HUSH PUPPIES* --

WHY *WAIT?* THE MARK'LL KEEP. *MY* TREAT! I KNOW THIS *DIVINE* LITTLE PLACE RIGHT OUT OF *"GONE WITH THE WIND --"*

... WHAT'S THE *ANGLE*, WILSON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

C'MERE, ROOKIE... WE NEED TO HAVE A MERC TO MANIAC POW-WOW, A MOUSEKETEER CLUB MEETING —

YOU'RE TOUCHING ME.

YES... YES I AM. I CAN DO THAT, BECAUSE WE'RE PALS, AND PALS TOUCH ONE ANOTHER PLATONICALLY... WE ARE PALS, RIGHT, ROOKIE?

I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF THIS...

BULLSEYE... I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE, AND I'LL PROBABLY NEVER DO IT AGAIN --

-- UNLESS I'M BIT ON THE KEISTER BY A COBRA AND NEED SOMEONE TO SUCK OUT THE POISON...

...BUT I NEED TO ASK YOU FOR A GIANT-SIZED PERSONAL FAVOR. I NEED YOU TO TAKE DOWN THE "SADISTIC ASSASSIN FOR HIRE" SHINGLE FOR TONIGHT...

AND WALK AWAY FROM THIS ONE.

WALK AWAY? FROM A GIG?! ARE YOU HEPPED UP ON GOOFBALLS?!

YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THIS... BUT THAT PAIR OF LEGS OVER THERE HOLDS THE KEY TO MY SANITY AT THE MOMENT...

I... I KNOW HER... AND WE'VE GOT... HISTORY. SO I'M ASKING YOU... AS A MENSCH... AS A FELLOW MAN OF ACTION... YES... EVEN AS A FRIEND...

...WOULD YOU LET ME PAY YOU FOR YOUR TIME, AND LET MERCEDES GO?

SCHUNK

I TAKE IT... THAT'S A NO.

YEAH... NO.

HUMPH! YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID IT WITH FLOWERS..

TRUE... BUT MAYBE *THIS* WAY, YOU'LL *LISTEN*. STAY DOWN, WILSON... DON'T *MAKE* ME TAKE YOU *OUT*.

...COMMENCING STAYING *DOWN*... SPURT! RIGHT-O

MANIACS... *ALL* OF THEM -- HEY!

THERE'S TWO MEN TRYING TO *KILL* ME! I NEED THE *POLICE* --

OUR BUSINESS HERE

CITY PA

OFF DUTY

YEAH, YEAH. I HEARD *THAT* ONE B'FORE... BUT GUESS WHAT?

WHEN THE LIGHTS NOT *GLOWIN'*, YOU GET T'GOIN'. GET IT?

NO! YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND* --

OH, WHAT IS IT, YER *HUBBY* CAUGHT YA WIT' YER *STUD MUFF* --

NO!

THERE, THERE, PRETTY GIRL! THIS IS NO TIME FOR AT *THIRD!*

THIS IS AN *INTIMATE* MOMENT BETWEEN A *HUNTER* AND HIS *PREY*... *ARTIST* AND HIS *CANVAS!*

TOGETHER, WE'RE GOING TO WRITE A *SYMPHONY* MERCEDES... UNIQUE AND *BEATIFUL* AND *WET*.

FOR YOU, I'VE CRAFTED A LITTLE NUMBER CALLED *"CAR PARTS"*. IT'S SHORT... BUT VERY *EXOTIC* --

"SHORT AND EXOTIC? WHY NOT CALL IT, *"PAULA ABDUL IN A DAIKISHI"*, THEN?

EVERYONE'S A *CRITIC*.

YOU BRING IT ON YOURSELF, BULLCOOKIE!

IF YOU DIDN'T GO PRANCING AROUND CLAIMING TO BE AN "ARTISTE" ALL THE TIME AND JUST KILLED YOUR MARKS LIKE A NORMAL HIT MAN --

MAYBE WE'D CUT YOU SOME SLACK!

NORMAL IS BORING, KID! YOU KNOW THAT! FOR EXAMPLE —

CHASSIS BOLTS: DODGE VIPER --

PWAK PWAK PWAK

"-- THEY'VE GOT REAL BITE TO THEM."

VIPER. BITE. GEE, CAREFUL YOU DON'T POP A GAGGH! HERNIA WHIPPING OUT THE PUNS...

SHUNK SHUNK SHUNK

DEAR GOD — HOW DID YOU —

DON'T WORRY, TOOTS, IT'S ALL SMOKE, MIRRORS, AND A DASH OF HEALING FACTOR --

-- IT ONLY HURTS FOR A FEW WEEKS. NOW, COMMANDEER THAT VEHICLE -- WE'RE OUTTA HERE LIKE VLAD'MIR --

WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?!

THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF NON-INBRED DAMES IN GEORGIA... I'M STRIKING A BLOW FOR GENETICS.

HEY, ROOKIE...

POOM

POOM

POOM

POOM

OPEN 24 HRS!

DO A LITTLE DANCE FOR DADDY!

PHAN

TOOLS

...E GROUPING, WILSON... YOU'VE BEEN *PRACTICING*...

NOT THAT IT *MATTERS*...

DUNNO WHAT THAT DAME'S *GOT* ON YOU, FRIEND... BUT I HOPE IT'S *WORTH* --...

'CAUSE "*PROFESSIONAL COURTESY*" OR NOT.. YOU'RE GOING TO FALL *BIG TIME* FOR HER.

CLICK

HOTEL

ILANEY! *ILANEY!* GET YOUR *VARFERGNUGEN* UP INTO THE A'R AND OVER TO THE *FALLBACK POINT!* DO YOU *READ?!*

ROGER, BOSS!

HE'S GONE.. ? IS HE *GONE?*

POSITIVELY *NOT*... HE'S LIKE A BAD PENNY... ALWAYS SHOWING UP AT THE *WORST* TIME...

SO WHERE ARE WE *GOING?* DO YOU *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE *DOING?*

'S THIS A *TRICK* QUESTION: I'M LEAKING *LUNG JUICE* ALL OVER THE REAL LEATHER 'NTERIOR -- I'M *IMPROVISING!*

SO WHAT DO WE DO? YOU MUST HAVE A *PLAN* --

DO YOU *PRACTICE* MAKING DESPERATE MEN FEEL LIKE MORONS, MERCEDES, OR HAS IT *ALWAYS* BEEN A NATURAL TALENT?

NOW IS NO TIME TO PULL ONE OF YOUR *HOLIER-THAN-YOUS* ROUTINES!

WHY DO YOU TALK TO ME LIKE YOU *KNOW* ME...? WHO *ARE* YOU?

...I'M THE GUY WHOSE HEAD WAS *ALMOST* SCREWED BACK INTO PLACE UNTIL TEN MINUTES AGO WHEN *YOU* WALKED BACK INTO MY LIFE --

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "*BACK?*" I'VE NEVER *MET* YOU!

DON'T SAY THAT! JUST DON'T --!

BUT --

FOR *ONCE* IN YOUR LIFE, MERCEDES, WILL YOU JUST *SHUT UP* AND *DROP IT?!*

... WHY DO YOU HATE ME?

WHY DO YOU HATE ME?

...

I DON'T *HATE* YOU, MERCEDES... I... I COULD *NEVER* HATE YOU... THAT'S THE PROBLEM... I --

OH, GOD, NO!

AH... SO MANY WAYS TO *HURT* YOU BOTH... HOW TO *CHOOSE*, HOW TO *CHOOSE*...?

OH... OH... CAN YOU SAY "*INSPIRATION?*"

BIG GAL'S

FREE PARK

FOR *YOU*, MY *MUSE!*

DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE *LIFETIMES?* HOLD ON TO ME, AND DO *NOT* LET GO --

WHY? THAT'S JUST A *HUBCAP*... AND BESIDES, HE *MISSED!*

BULLSEYE *NEVER* MISSES.

SIGH TO BE *STUPID* AND *NAIVE* AGAIN... DON'T YOU *GET* IT, KID?

PWANGG

IT IS A BILLION-TO-ONE SHOT...

...AN ALLOY HUBCAP FIRED AT JUST THE RIGHT VELOCITY...

ANTICIPATING THE PERFECT VECTOR AND SPEED OF THE CAB...

...WITH THE EXACT ANGLE OF PENETRATION --

TAXI

-- BULLSEYE.

PLEASE, MERCEDES, DOLL... CAN THE MARIAH CAREY ROUTINE...

...THIS IS GONNA STING ENOUGH >NGGH< WITHOUT A --

-- >HNGH< SHATTERED EAR DRUM.

Kelly's Irish pub

The Murder

SCHLUCCCHIT

ROAD RASH. *NASTY.* I HOPE DEADPOOL *APPRECIATES* THAT I LET HIM OFF *EASY* THIS TIME.

IT'S OKAY, FOLKS, I'M A *PROFESSIONAL!* NOTHING TO SEE HERE...

...SO LONG AS YOU COUNT A PRETTY GIRL HAVING HER *THROAT SLIT* NOTHING...

GUESS YOU WEREN'T AS IMPORTANT TO OL' *POOLIE* AS HE *THOUGHT*, HUH MERCEDES? GOOD I'D HATE TO HAVE *WASTED* HIM OVER A *DAME*...

...THOUGH YOU MIGHT HAVE MADE A CUTE COUPLE... ASSUMING H KEPT HIS *MASK ON.*

OH, WELL. ON WITH THE *SHOW*... LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH *THIS*, eh?

I LOVE PERFORMING FOR AN AUDIENCE... heh heh...heh ha... he --

CRUNCH

UGH!

KA

SUR- *PRISE!* *SPECIAL DELIVERY* FOR MISTER BULL --

OH... OH DEAR LORD... THAT WAS THE *ORTHOCONTURE*, WASN'T IT?

MMM!

WOW... NOTE TO SELF: REMEMBER TO ROLL ON THE FLOOR IN RAUCOUS FIT OF *LAUGHTER* ONCE BACK SCABS OVER.

BULLSEYE... WE'VE HAD A FEW *LAUGHS*, WRECKED A FEW BODY *PARTS*, CAUSED SOME *PROPERTY DAMAGE*... LET'S CALL IT A DAY...

'CAUSE I *SWEAR* TO YOU ON THE GRAVE OF *BURL IVES*... THE GIRL'S COMING WITH ME. *UNTOUCHED*...

AND ANYONE WHO SAYS *DIFFERENT* IS GONNA *DIE*.

...

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, *SWEETNESS*...

IT'S *YOUR FUNERAL*.

ROY

TIT

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE *SPORTS-MAN*...

GENTLEMEN... START YOUR ENGINES.

YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE CROSSED SWORDS...?

KSHH

OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ALL NOSTALGIC ON ME...

ALTHOUGH... HEH... THAT WAS A RIOT, WASN'T IT...? BARON ZEMO'S TOMB, RIGHT?

WHACKK

HRUGH!

HEH HEH... REMEMBER WHEN YOU TRIED TO STRANGLE ME WITH OL' ZEMO'S LARGE INTESTINES? THAT WAS CLASSIC...

FSSSSS

SO WERE YOU THEN... AS OPPOSED TO THE SHADOW YOU ARE NOW.

UH-OH... DO I DETECT THE FAMOUS BULLSEYE MELODRAMA VOICE...?

THINK

THANK

THINK

FOUR OUT OF FIVE BLOODY VICTIMS AGREE... BULLSEYE GETS ALL SERIOUS BEFORE HE DOES YOU IN.

DUDE, PLEASE... ENOUGH WITH THE SCARY VOICE... I READ "INTIMIDATION FOR DUMMIES" TOO... WELL, AT LEAST I SKIMMED THE CLIFF NOTES...

FUNNY CHOICE OF WORDS... "VICTIM"... I WONDER HOW IT FEELS FOR YOU...

THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE... ALL FOR A WOMAN.

YOU DARN KIDS!

UH... WHA —? DEAD-POOL...?

BUT SERIOUSLY, I'M NOT FIGHTING FOR MERCEDES...

WE HAVE A *PAST*, BUT NO PRESENT... I'M JUST FIGHTING TO GET THAT *CHIP* OFF YOUR SHOULDER --

THAT SO? SOMEHOW, I THINK YOU'RE *FOOLING YOURSELF*... I THINK YOU'RE *HOOKED* ON HER...

AND I'M WILLING TO BET MY *LIFE* ON IT...

SNAKKT

OH YEAH... NICE *BALANCE*...

SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF

UH... BULLSEYE... I'M OVER *HERE*, PAL...

I'M NOT AIMING FOR *YOU*, *DEADPOOL*... *IN* A FEW SECONDS, THE *ARC* OF THE BUMPER'S FLIGHT PATH WILL BRING IT *CRASHING* DOWN THROUGH MERCEDES' SKULL...

YOU CAN *CATCH* IT, BUT IT WILL TAKE ALL OF YOUR CONCENTRATION... YOU TRY TO PLAY *HERO*, I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A *FISH*...

I'LL SAY *ONE* THING... YOU JUST DON'T FIND THIS KIND OF WORK ETHIC IN TODAY'S *YOUTH*...

WHY, BULLSEYE? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LET THIS GO?

SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF

BECAUSE I *KNOW* YOU, WILSON... THE *REAL* YOU, AND I WANT TO SEE THE SELFISH *FREAK* IN YOU SLEAZE BACK TO THE *SURFACE*.

HISTORY OR NO, WHEN THE CHIPS ARE *DOWN*, I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT YOU'LL *ALWAYS* CHOOSE TO SAVE *YOURSELF*...

...CAUSE KILLERS DON'T PLAY HERO.

SO, WHICH IS IT? A TRIP TO THE MORGUE, OR DRINKS WITH YOUR PAL BULLEYE?

SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF

...

SORRY, ANGEL... I TRIED.

ANGEL? NO...

GLAD YOU'RE SEEING THINGS MY -- WHAT THE?!

SURPRISED? JOIN THE CLUB, BINKY --

'CAUSE TRUST ME, LETTING YOU SNUFF MERCEDES WOULD MAKE LIFE EXPONENTIALLY EASIER FOR ME...

NOOOO!

SWIFF SWIFF

...BUT SINCE WHEN HAS MY LIFE EVER BEEN EASY?

ORDERS BOOKS

U-P

WUMP

ARRGH!

LOOKIT THAT... A BULLSEYE... HOW IRONIC... HOW CLICHE... HOW OUCHIE.

HE'S REALLY GONNA BE TICKED AT ME ONCE HE GETS OFF LIFE SUPPORT --

Y-YOU... CALLED ME "ANGEL..."

YEAH... I DID... SHORT FOR "ANGEL WITH A DIRTY HALO..." RIGHT?

OH MY GOD... WADE?

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE MARRIAGE LICENSE... DON'T IT, KIDDO?

PERFECT... PERFECT.

HAHAHAHA!

NEXT **WHO** IS THE MYSTERIOUS MERCEDES?

WHY IS THE PLAYING TONSIL HOCKEY WITH OUR HERO?

WHO IS THE DUDE WATCHING THEM IN THE FLAMES?

THE SHOCKING ANSWERS — NEXT MONTH!

WHAT IT 6'2", IS MADE WITH HERBS & SPICES, AND CALLS FORTH THE UNDEAD?